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In the 28th number of our Journal, we presented our readers with a fine passage—Pompeii—from the Rev. Mr. Wills's poem, "the Universe." The same master hand will be seen in the following extract from a more recent work by the same poet—"the Disembodied, and other poems," a work abounding in passages of great power and beauty.

Gone is the glory of moon and star ;
A tempest is treading the waters far,
And tumult gathers upon the air,
To tell—a stormy world is there :
Hollow and wild, o'er the moaning sea
Shoal and cavern groan portentously—
The iron shores send a heavy sound,
And the wet clouds rush in their blackness round.
Heaven's thunders bellow from cloud to cloud
Thro' the vault of darkness, long and loud,
With flashes fast of far-vollied light—
Is man on the wave in this dreadful night ?
Aye—human clamor is on the wind !
I saw a ship in the gloom defined,
With cordage wet and bare poles rush past,
Like an infant's toy on the billow vast :
It fell in the channel's gleaming black—
It rose in the lightning's lurid track—
Where the curling wave seemed to wall the sky,
As it blackened and swelled on the sailor's eye.
A flash—another : alas,—yon rock !
Can the frail vessel stand the shock ?
A flash—a brighter—and all was dark,—
And a loud crash came from the hollow bark,—
And a cry of horror went o'er the wave—
O, for an arm in that hour to save,
The light of life had I freely given,
As I said in spirit, "have mercy, Heaven !"
Flash after flash pale brightness shed,
Blue light, o'er many a sinking head ;
I saw pale faces distorted there,
With gasping effort and wild despair—
Then disappear, with a fearful sound,
As the gulf of waters closed blackly round !
The broken hulk, on a sunken rock,
Dashed and clashed with repeated shock.
I saw one form on the shattered prow,
With a calm sad eye and a thoughtful brow,
Look on the wreck, while 'twas dancing wild ;
But his heart was thinking of wife and child—
Of the fireside peace, that must change to wail ;
Of the love, which, alas, cannot now avail ;
The bosom-bonds of his native shore—
The all he shall see never, never more !

I looked close by, where the blast laid bare
A wilderness of destruction there.
'Twas a spot where the sailors of many an age
Had met the tempest and felt its rage ;
And the rocky bottom was o'er and o'er
Strewed like a wharf of the infernal shore,
With hulks and masts of forgotten races,
Rotting and severing in their places ;
Twined with old cordage and mouldered sail,
There lay the chest and the precious bale ;
Gems and gold by old ocean won,
More rich than mightiest Babylon ;
The treasures of many a hundred years,
Won by labour and blood and tears,
To strew the haunts of the finny shoal,
Where cloud-like the billows above them roll.
In the tangling sea-weed, many a one,
Lay the white unshrouded skeleton,
Where the spectral monsters of ocean meet,
Unhid by coffin or winding sheet.
A mighty mart,—to which traffic's rage
Had brought the merchants of many an age ;
Tyrian there with Venetian lay,
And Lisbon mingled with far Cathay.
By name—complexion—dress, unknown,
They wore one fashion of weed and bone !
In their nameless charnell I saw them sleep,
Far down in the caves of the dismal deep.
Hundreds—thousands lay scattered wide,
Who all in the conflict of waters died ;
Each in the courage and flush of life
Went struggling down with a fearful strife,

To take his place in yon ghastly scene,
Like the valley of bones by the Prophet seen.

ANIMAL HEAT.

Among the numberless instances of the wonderful adaptation of man and animals to the various circumstances in which they may be placed, there is nothing more remarkable than the power with which they are endued of preserving a particular temperature or heat. By this power we are enabled to bear the extremes both of heat and cold without injury, at least for a time. For example—The heat of the human frame, as every one knows, is considerably higher than that of the bodies which commonly surround us ; it is estimated at about 98 degrees of the thermometer, and this temperature it will preserve under a heat which would roast it, or a cold that would more than suffice to freeze it, if it were a dead and not a living substance. This wonderful power, then, is the result of life, and not of chemical composition.

Even in vegetables we observe the same power from the fact, that the juices in their stems and branches are frozen with much greater difficulty than lifeless fluids. Ice has been found to thaw where roots shoot into it, and it is a common observation, that after a fall of snow, the thawing is first observed on the leaves or around the stems of trees. It is also found that eggs are cooled and frozen with much more difficulty than equal masses of lifeless matter. Yet after they are once frozen, and their life destroyed, they freeze with readiness, a clear proof that the power of resisting cold is owing to the principle of life within them.

The most striking examples of the power of the living body to resist heat are recorded by Sir Joseph Banks, and Sir Charles Blagden. They remained for some time in rooms heated to the temperature of boiling water, yet the heat of their bodies was not increased, and the latter gentleman continued for eight minutes in an apartment heated to 260 degrees, or 48 degrees above the heat of boiling water, with scarcely any variation of the heat of the body. In these rooms beef-stakes laid on a tin plate were dressed in about half an hour, and if the hot air was impelled on them in a stream, the cooking was completed in thirteen minutes, and eggs were roasted hard in twenty minutes. But even a higher temperature than this has been borne by two French philosophers, who remained without much inconvenience for five minutes in a room heated to 78 degrees above the heat of boiling water.

Some of the lower animals also are capable of bearing a high degree of heat—and indeed are intended for it—as the beetles which are found in the boiling springs of Albano in Italy, and which die when thrown into cold water. If we examine the eggs of insects, we find that they are endued with a power of resisting great changes of temperature. Lice have appeared on clothes which had been placed in boiling water, and it is stated on the highest authority that boiling the honey comb will not destroy the eggs of the bees, while, on the other hand, it is found that an exposure to a cold of 24 degrees below zero, will not destroy the eggs of silk worms and butterflies.

This wonderful property of living beings should excite our deepest admiration of that Omniscience which has planned the universe. By this, millions of beings are annually preserved to fill their place in creation, which, otherwise, would be lost and

"—leave a gap

That nature's self might rue."

By this, the icy deserts of the Arctic circle and the naked plains of the Torrid Zone retain the germs of a luxuriant vegetation, which, when its appointed time comes, springs rapidly into an unanticipated existence ; and by this is man enabled to subdue the earth over all its surface ; to live with impunity, where the polar bear is no longer found, and the quicksilver frozen in the thermometer, or to carry civilization and commercial enterprise into the equatorial regions. The sublime idea too, that the starry host are filled with beings made to feel and to enjoy, no matter whether we consider the burning Mercury, or the remote and frigid Georgium Sidus, near 2000 millions of miles from the Sun, derives no mean portion of its probability from this law of the animal economy. S.

DUBLIN

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